A FRIENDLY CRITIC.

Leonora Campbell was not what you would call a clever woman; nevertheless would call a clever woman; nevertheless in the temporary insanity of Ormond Brownrigg, it was she who brought the poor afflicted gentleman to reason. She never could think what Horace Gibson fate when, in an evil moment, he introduced Brownrigg to Miss Leonora Campbell. editor and austere critic must have had a weak side to his nature somewhere. At all events it was not very long after he had become engaged to Gibson's cousin that Brownrigg burst into the office of the Piccadilly Review with his pockets bulging with manuscripts. He took up a firm position in front of the fireplace, leaning against the chimneypiece, and poured out his soul, while he passionately prodded the hearth rug with the point of his umbrella.

"Well, my boy," said Gibson at last, "I admire your genial pessimism, but I can't see what you've got to grumble at. You're young, excessively young, in your case an obvious advantage; you're a government clerk, and therefore an irresponsible person; and you're engaged to my small cousin, Janie Morris. What more do you want?" The editor swung round in his revolving chair, and looked at his friend with critical interest. Brownrigg was a callew youth, with a prosaic body much too long for his clothes, and a poetic soul also absurdly overgrown. He winced nervously under the editorial gaze, and shifted his position.

"By the by," continued Gibson, "what on earth brought you two together?" "Fate," said Brownrigg, with sulky

solemnity. "Ah! Fate's a matchmaker who won't be cut by any man, let alone a boy of your age. I congratulate you on your good luck."

"It's all very well for you to grin when you're at the top of the tree I want to climb; but how would you like to sit on a high stool (with your head, mind you, bursting with original ideas) and have to copy piles of official letters all day?" "That kind of literature's not remark-

able for imaginative thought, or for charm and dignity of style; all the same-"

find my bread and butter." "And then you find it buttered side down. My dear fellow, you're too young to appreclate the artistic irony of the situation." sa so. I sent you all my manuscripts under a pseudonym, so that you mightn't

be embarrassed by any feeling of friend-"Thanks; it was most considerate of

"Yes, but honestly, did you suspect me of having written those verses you sent back?"

did not." "Would you mind telling me what fault you found with 'A Soul's Epic?' Really, it's the most sustained effort I've made yet," and Brownrigg produced the manuscript of a long autobiographical poem in

Gibson feigned extreme embarrassment have thought it a little too sustained. You see the Review is limited as to space, and 'A Soul's Epic' would have swamped it for the next three months." He wheeled his chair back to the table and began to look over a pile of papers. Suddenly he uttered any other sort of rose. an amused exclamation. "I say, you young puppy! You don't mean to say you wrote these studies of Swinburne?"

"Well, yes, I did-but--" "They're confoundly well done. Have you any more of the same sort handy?" "Loads-all idiotic. I've hacked and polished them till they make me ill. You see, the poet is born, but the essayist is a manufactured article. Those things you admire are purely mechanical; but this little epic was struck out at a white heat; it's charged with—" "I've no doubt it is; but don't let it off

just now. I can't read and listen at the same time." There was silence in the office for a quarter of an hour, broken only by the creaking of Brownrigg's boots as he roamed from chair to chair. Presently Gibson turned round. "Yes, that'll do. I'll take this, and if you choose you can send me some more like it; not any poetry, "Oh," said Brownrigg a little stiffly.
"don't take the things because I happen
to be a friend and engaged to your cousin.

I prefer to stand or fall by my own mer-"I assure you I'm not influenced by per-sonal affection. I'm merely pandering, in an editorial capacity, to the popular taste. By the by, does my cousin admire 'A Sout's Epic?'

"Yes," said Brownrigg, with some emo-tion, "she says it's a noble poem-rates it high as anything in Byron, Milton, or

Mrs. Browning."
"If you'll take my advice, you'll keep your verse for Janie and your prose for the public. I really think you may do something by and by if you'll condescend to stick to journalism. And now, would you very much mind saying good-morn-The poet went away more cast down than otherwise by the prospect of success

for it was not the success of which he had dreamed. As a writer of mere prose he had risen in Gibson's eyes, but he had fallen in his own. At the same time he was quite aware that he had fallen on his feet, for Gibson was one of those peop are always rather better than their word, and to be taken up by him was to be more or less certain of a career. In due time Brownrigg made his triump al entry into the world of literature through the classic pages of the Piccadilly Review. He wrote to Janie and told her all about it, saying, and indeed believing. that it was for her sake that he had made this sacrifice of his supreme ambition, and for a while; adding that it would not be long now before they could afford to be married. For the rest he took Gibson's advice, and no longer sent his poems to pub lishers; he sent them to Janie, inclosed in

long, melancholy, autobiographical letters. Janle soothed him by return of post, praised the poems, and prophesied fame for their author. sibly. She was easily moved to mirth, yet she never smiled at his little solecisms: she never laughed when he tried to play lawn tennis, and slipped and fell about the grass in a variety of curious attitudes. When Brownrigg blushed and looked un-comfortable, as he did a dozen times a Janie suffered sympathetic And yet, when he was made sub-editor of the Piccadilly Review a year later, and gave up his government appointment on the strength of it, Miss Janie was by no means overloyed at his good fortune. To be sure he had told her that they could not personally; and if Janie was going to stand in the way of his career—he did not follow up that train of thought, but went lown to Janie and explained the situation. He spoke nobly of self-sacrifice, and of her woman's part in the glorious agony of the artist's life. And when Janie heard that, she tossed back her head to keep the tears from falling, and made her soft little mouth look firm and resolute. This gave Brownrigg a kind of confused idea that it

was he who had been resolute, he who had

been making sacrifices, and he went back

town feeling greater and nobler than

A state of peculiar mental exaltation is often the prolegue to the great psychical tragedies of life, and though Brownrigg knew nothing about it, such a tragedy was even now being prepared for him. His connection with the Piccadilly Review meant more to him than literary success; It brought also some social advancement. Gibson combined a good-humored contempt for Brownrigg's character with a subdued admiration of his talents, and he had I to do?" drawn him into his own set, among whom the callow youth posed in an engaging

a young girl. When people were not laughing at him, they were always soothing and making much of him. And all the time he had an uneasy consciousness that his success was entirely owing to Gibson's pa-

Often, too often, Brownrigg tried to recall the sensations of that hour; they lent themselves to no language and were not to be grasped by thought. He knew now that hitherto he had but seen sitting before the curtain, waiting for the play to begin; he had heard whispers from the stage; he had seen a shadow move across the cur-tain, the shadow of Janie, obtruding her insignificent little person between him and -Never mind! The curtain had risen at last, life had begun suddenly with a great light and music, and he found himself no longer a spectator, but an actor in a superb play cailed "Leonora."

She herself, what was she? He did not know. He had begun by trying to fathom her and floundered helplessly from deep to deep. Then he found out that she was divine intelligence clothed in mortal form; meant that Brownrigg had gone through life trading on people's sympathy and, whereas other women gave him sympathy in abundance, this woman did more -she actually understood him. When a man meets his incarnate ideal, what is he to do? Brownrigg did nothing:

he had no head for problems; he simply collapsed under the hand of Fate. He was supremely happy, drinking deep of the poetry of existence and living in a divine delirium, unshackled by ordinary conditions of space and time. It seemed to him ages since the days when to go to him ages since the days when to go for a walk with Janie was a new joy, when to play lawn tennis with her was a wild delight, while to sit together under the elm and read "A Soul's Epic" aloud was a transcendent intellectual rapture. The rolling nights and days seized him and hurried him along a dim and perilous way. He was everywhere where Miss Campbell was—in the theater, the concert hall, the ballroom; following her with a reckless persistency and doing all sorts of mean things in order to get introductions to peothings in order to get introductions to peo-ple whom she knew. He succeeded in most cases, for by this time his eccentricity had become so marked that for one season he was all the fashion. People acquired a was all the fashion. People acquired a taste for Brownrigg as for some curious foreign thing. He might have founded a new school of poetry if they had only given him time, for under this new stimulus his lyric nature had reasserted itself; his works became the property of a select

coterie and he enjoyed a certain mystic and esoteric fame. Meanwhile, his ideal went on her way, serenely unconscious of the drama that "All the same it's ruin to a man's English. Besides, it's the injustice of the thing I can't stand. If I'd condescended to prose, if I'd pandered to the popular taste, written, say, a disgusting novel or a frantic romance, I'd have been all right; being a post of coure I'm stuck into an office to was being acted in Brownrigg's soul. Not that he made any secret of his state of mind; the artist's impulse towards self-revelation was too strong in him for that. All his finest feelings centered round the new, imperious passion, and what on earth is the use of having fine feelings if you are not to display them? With his peculiar lack of humorous discernment, it was to lack of humorous discernment, it was to Horace Gibson that he turned at this crisis of his fate. In spite of his growing dis-like and jealousy of the editor, he still grudgingly respected and blindly trusted him. It was the homage which the aspi-"Look here, Gibson, if you can't help me, rant instinctively pays to all assured greatness, as I sent you all my manuscripts ness; and, next to Miss Campbell, Gibson was the audience for whom Brownrigg re-

served his most effective parts.

Midnight, when the day's platitudes are over, is the proper time for revelations, and at midnight Brownrigg sought out his benefactor in his rooms, and poured forth his flood. Gibson lay back in his armchair enjoying a cigarette, while he gazed quietly at Brownrigg through the curing wreaths of smoke. The boy interested him, and when he ceased to be interesting he was always amusing. Some pity mingled with his intense amusement now, as Brownrigg. his intense amusement now, as Brownrigg, in evening dress, ramped about the room, thrusting his feverish fingers through his hair (which had grown from flaxen stubble to a long hay-colored aftermath), while his cravat slowly worked its way round under his left ear.

Brownrigg had told his tale before he recognized that some explanation was due. Then he brought himself up suddenly before the fireplace, and assumed as calm an

at the sight. "I-I hardly know-I may fore the fireplace, and assumed as calm an expression as his disheveled appearance al-

"It's not," he declared solemnly, "be-cause she's beautiful, and has a complexion like a tuberose-"Good!" murmured Gibson, in a parenthesis. "A less hackneyed comparison than

"I don't even know whether her hair's red, or brown, or golden—" "It's all three." "Her beauty has nothing whatever to do with it. I've seen beautiful women before, Nor does the fact that she plays and sings divinely weigh with me for an instant-"No, my boy; you never had any ear for music, barring your own voice.'

"And it's not because she's good and genle. Lots of women can be that, too."
"Janie, for instance." "Don't, Gibson; you'll drive me mad, Janie's a sweet little thing, but you can't idealize her; you can't fall down and wor-

"She wouldn't like it much if you did, She couldn't sit still on a pedestal for five minutes together. All the same, she's not a bad little latter-day saint, with a straw hat for a halo. By the by, do you ever write to her now?" "I believe I've answered all her letters-I don't know. Anyhow, it doesn't mattermore than anything else matters." He sat down and stared gloomily at the carpet; then he got up and began to ramp about again. "Ah, Gibson, you can imagine the

pain, but you can't conceive the ecstacy, the rapture of it!" At this point Gibson so far forgot himself as to throw away his cigarette, and put his hand up to his forehead. "Brownrigg, don't haunt me in this way: there's a good fellow: for it's my firm belief you're dead and gone to paradise-a fool's para-dise, of course."

"A fool's inferno, you mean. I dreamed est night I'd lost her-I made a sonnet on the curious specimen before him. Then he rose to his feet laughing and patted Brownrigg cheerfully on the back. strikes me we're both rather out of it, and that at present you're enjoying a most beneficent purgatory. I can't give you a hand-out, but I don't mind putting up a prayer for your poor soul whenever I've a minute to spare.

So saying, he turned down his study lamp carefully, and Brownrigg went away under cover of the darkness.

Gibson had washed his hands of the matter, but only for the moment. Weeks passed by and Brownrigg grew paler and ever; he developed a passion for strange forms of dress and neglected his sub-editorsleep every night on the wrecks of three sonnets and an ode. Then Gibson considered it was about time to interfere. He sorry for Janie; and he was sorry most of all for Miss Campbell. Clearly Brownso he resolved to go to Miss Campbell and open her eyes. It would be a very delicate ly impertinent and she might very properly resent it; and if she did so, he would called there three times in the last fortnight. Much to his own amusement, the man of prompt and decisive action found himself shaken by a thousand doubts and

scruples. So he made up his mind not to go, and went. Miss Campbell was at home and alone. He found her seated by the window, reading the last number of the Piccadilly Rebe married now for another four years, and she was disappointed. Women are so selfish, he reflected; they take everything magazine drop on to her lap and was leaning forward, frowning a little, as if lost in her own reflections. She started as he came in and the faint blush which had spread over Gibson's forehead was re-peated on her own. She was so beautiful that he admitted that Brownrigg might be forgiven and yet he did not feel in the least inclined to forgive him. That absurd parody of a passion was a profanation of

> The editor's task was easier than he expected. Miss Campbell began to talk about Browning of her own accord. She had been reading his last article—had thought there was a slight falling off—his style was usually so good, wasn't it? She paused, steadying her voice a little: "May I say how much this poem of yours—" was really noble of Gibson to strike in at this interesting point and explain gently that his wretched sub-editor was "falling off" and that he ought not to be allowed to cultivate her society to the injury of his intellect and the detriment of his affairs. There was something about Brownrigg the grounds that these epithets were hat appealed to the most chastened sense wrung from him by the exigencies of of humor, and at first Miss Campbell would do nothing but laugh. All at once she became serious. "It was you who told me

I to do?"

Gibson suggested that it might be as well to be a little unkind to him for the future.
Then he told her of Brownrigg's engagetrol of his aspirates. In like manner he He appealed irresistibly to the soft side of society; he was as sensitive and impressionable as a woman and had a charming way of blushing at little compliments like.

Then he told her of Browning's engagement to Janie Morris. He never quite knew found out that Leonora was a frivolous on attempt to reconcile these two ideas; he had received both impressions distinctly.

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her eyes flash with generous indignation. "Personally," he added, "I should like to punch his head; but you can't possibly punch a man's head when his legs are so

Morris any good. Leave him to me; I think I can cure him without violence." As she spoke the door opened and Mr. Ormond Brownrigg was shown in. Miss Campbell's nerve was equal to the cccasion. She received Brownrigg with a careless, unconscious cordiality that ex-cited Gibson's deep admiration. For the first time he became aware of something strange about her, a vivid, unnatural charm, unlike her usual reserved and state-ly grace. Gradually the strangeness of it jarred on him and he felt constrained and nervous, and began to wonder whether he looked as foolish as Brownrigg. He tried to get Brownrigg to talk about a book which had just appeared. The poet made incoherent answers and kept his eyes fixed on the graceful figure in the deep arm chair by the window. Miss Campbell showed no sign of interest, but lay back fanning her-self and looking at the points of her shoes with lazy half-shut eyes. Then she foided her fan sharply with a click and raised her eyes to Gibson's appealingly. "Please don't let's have any more intellectual conversation; I can't understand it a bit. I've been trying hard to be intellectual for three months, and I can't keep it up any longer; it's much too failguing." Brownrigg looked puzzled and framed his lips for a speech which parents. which never came. She spread out the pink little palms of her hands with a helpless gesture. "Really, the demands made on women's intelligence nowadays are something appalling. There is only one horrid alternative: either you must know some. thing about everything and then you're a prig, or you must know everything about something, when you're a bore. Gibson laughed and turned away; he was

Gibson laughed and turned away; he was beginning to see it. As Brownrisg dropped into the low chair beside her, she made a little face of depreciation. "You're not going to talk books, are you?"

"N-no, not exactly. I—I was only going to tell you that I'm—er—bringing out a small volume of poems shortly. I thought interest you." it might interest you."
"So it does, immensely. Of course, you'll interviewed. And, of course, you'll set boody-traps for the interviewers and supply them with fictitious information? That's what poets always do, isn't it? How amused you'll be to read the accounts of yourself afterwards in the papers. But must have tea before we discuss any-

thing serious." They had tea. And after tea she talked pure abstract nonsense for a whole hour, and uttered commonplaces with an air of intense and passionate conviction. As they got up to go, she sighed ever so slightly.

"And now, Mr. Brownrigg, you know the terrible truth. I am really nothing but an empty-headed, frivolous woman."

"You think I shall believe that?" said Brownrigg in a low mumbling voice. "You Brownrigg in a low, mumbling voice. may choose to seem so to others; you forget that I have seen your soul."

"Oh, no, you haven't. You've made a mistake: it must have been somebody else's; my soul's never at home at tea

Leonora had to confess that she had That one look from Brownrigg showed that he thought her more adorable than ever. He sent her a large quantity of flowers that evening, and they came in beautifully for her flower mission in the East End. She wrote him a nice little note and told him so.

When Brownrigg next found himself in Miss Campbell's drawing room, his book had been published, and a copy, the gift of the author, was on the table before him. extraordinary confidences in an eddying It was very pretty to look at, printed on rough paper, bound in white parchment, with gold lettering, "Poems by Ormond gregate reported for a like period since rechim, and Brownrigg," amid a device of passion flowers. Within "A Soul's Epic" formed the piece de resistance, to use his own wellchosen words. In a modest preface he had forestalled obvious criticism by an apology for youthful immaturity. On the dedication page there appeared this islet of verse in a sea of margin:

> Lady, if ever in these listless days A singer's voice be welcome to thine ear, It may be thou wilt turn aside to hear The music wrought in these enchanted lays. For this thy poet turns each golden phrase, And love's own lyric voice doth silence

> fear-If such dim hope can make a song so Shall it not be thrice dearer for thy praise? *The poet sat in a state of feverish anxlety, awaiting Miss Campbell's verdict. He led up to it by devious paths, as thus, for instance: "You have shown me many aspects of your marvelous mind, and one, indeed, which I had not suspected. seems I make some new discovery in you every day.' And she had answered: "Indeed! You are quite a natural philosopher. The worst

> of the natural sciences is that they are so fatiguingly progressive; you never know when you have got to the end of them.' He saw his opening and dashed into it headlong. He said that there was one further discovery he would like to make. He felt that he stood at the bar of her mercy, convicted of a heavy offense (here he laid his hand lightly on the poems), and he had yet to know her in the character of an impartial judge.

> And now the verdict was being given. "I would rather not criticise your pretty book, which I value as your gift; but, as you have asked for my honest opinion.
>
> I must say I think you've hardly done yourself justice in publishing such very minor poetry, you who can write so delightfully in prose. A man with a career, a definite goal before him, really ought not to indulge in these superfluous gambols by the way." Here she took up the hook and began turning over the leaves. book and began turning over the leaves. "Yes, you have great metrical felicity-facility, I mean-but your verse lacks the true quality of poetry, charm and distinction. She picked out a sonnet at random tion." She picked out a sonnet at random and read it aloud to him. He listened shudderingly; it did lack charm and distinction. "You see what I mean?" she continued cheerfully. "Your melodies are sweat, but reminiscent; one seems to have met with most of your ideas before and you have found no new setting for them. Forgive me; this is only a friend's criticism; and there's nothing new under the sun, if it comes to that; everybody must plagiarize from somebody, you know. What I mean is that, when you have achieved distinction in prose, it seems a pity to waste your really admirable powers in pursuit of the waste label." Brownrigg had sat pulling his moustache during this speech. He now rose stiffly, and held out his hand without speaking.

"I've not offended you?" she asked inno-"No. You have only condemned my lifework-that is, me. You may not know it, but I have put myself, the divine part of me, into that book, which you have read in twenty minutes and appraised in three." I'm sorry; but you told me to be honest, and my opinion's not final age light reader who can only grasp one idea at a time and can't be expected to understand versatility. I am cursed by my many-sidedness. Because I have succeeded in prose. I'm not permitted to be a poet."

"So it would seem."
He drew himself up proudly. "This is a woman's judgment on a man's work."
She saw his suffering and hated herself for inflicting it. But the thought of Janie Morris (his cousin) hardened her heart for the final blow. "Not altogether a woman's opinion. It is shared at least by Mr. Horace Gibson." He turned a sickly green. He had always cherished the belief that Gibson privately recognized his genius as a poet, while condemning it from an editorial point of view, If she were right, the doom of his book sealed. "Gibson is a literary specialist. But you did well to quote him." With this Parthian shaft he covered his etreat. He met Gibson on the stairs and retreat. passed him without a word, "Yes." she said in answer to the editor's Inquiring eyebrows; "after three attempts

"May I ask how?" "I merely ventured on a little friendly criticism.' Brownrigg's passion was dead; he had awakened as from a delirous dream. Leo-nora had labored to deface his ideal of her. with apparent failure; now she had shat-tered his ideal of himself; and, having done this, her former experiments justified themselves at once, a result which shows that no honest conscientious labor is in vain. He felt deeply the passing away of that great love. It roused unpleasing questions. He had loved Janie and forgotten her; he had adored Leonora and—he adored her no longer. Could it be possible that he was fickle? He remembered how in his boyhood he had once made a friend of a man called Haynes, how he works of a man called Haynes; how he wrote a sonnet "To a Young Friend" (Haynes sonnet "To a five years his elder) in which he spoke of holding

"High converse with a spirit mild and and how he excused himself afterwards on rhythm and rhyme. For an absurd quar-rel had brought that friendship to an became serious. "It was you who told me abrupt and. He remembered the disen-to be kind to Mr. Brownrigg. What am chantment and disgust, and also the satis-

ter much anxious deliberation he decided that he was not fickle, but versatile. Versatility was an intellectual quality, not moral one, and it was the character of his enius. Having settled that problem to is satisfaction, he went back to Leonora's udgment of his poems. After all, he reflected, what was such a woman's verdict worth, the verdict of a frivolous fool? To assert his independence, he wrote a sonnet that night, and called it "De Profundis."

Now it was that he remembered Janie, Janie had soothed him; Janie had admired "A Soul's Epic;" he yearned afresh for her healing love and sympathy. He had behaved like a brute to her, and that thought was agony, because it lowered him

still further in his own opinion.
All bruised and suffering, he went down to Janie to be comforted. He could not rest till he had raised his own fallen image by the noble candor of confession. He told the whole story of the last six months, in his own manner, without reservation. "I don't know how it happened, but it must have been Fate. I seemed to be in the hands of some beautiful, demoniacal, remorseless cosmic power. My will wasn't my own-it was hers."

Janie shuddered, but she did not drop the hand she held. "It's all over now; let us forget that it has ever been." Thus she forgave him; but she never forgave Leonora, not even when that dreadful woman became Mrs. Horace Gibson.

Brownrigg married Janie. Some people prophesied that their marriage would furnish a problem. Others regarded it as a remorseless cosmic power. My will wasn't

prophesied that their marriage would furnish a problem. Others regarded it as a beautiful illustration of the ingenious law of compensation by which Nature settles mest problems. Nature being economical and evidently intending that woman's office of redeeming love aball he as should be not shoul of redeeming love shall be no sinecure. As Gibson observed to his wife, "If people like Brownrigg didn't marry, what would become of the domestic virtues?" As for Brownrigg, he had his hair cut and resumed the ordinary garb of masculine civilization. He sank from his lyric heights of passion to make himself a mas-ter of the prose of love; and, after all, it is not everyone who can achieve distinc-tion in prose. Janie alone cherishes the in-nocent belief that her husband is a great poet; she even reads his verses and admires them all-with one exception. She cannot see the point of dedicatory qua-trains to L. C., which is a strange thing,

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The area of the great Sahara desert is almost exactly the same as that of the United States.

The hottest part of the globe is the great desert of Africa, where the thernometer registers 150 degrees Fahrenheit. The largest organ in the world is at the occupied three years in the building and

Within the last decade the population of Europe has increased about thirty million. of whom Russia contributed 12,510,000 and France only 67,000. Queen Victoria now rules 367,000,000 people, a greater number than has ever before

acknowledged the sovereignty of either a King, Queen or Emperor. The great clock of Rouen, France has been grinding out time and striking the hours and quarters for over five hundred years, running all this time without inter-

The largest building stones are those used in the cyclopean walls of Baalbec, in Syria, some of which measure sixty-three feet in length by twenty-six in breadth and are of unknown depth.

The total number of business failures throughout the United States from Jan. 1 to Sept. 30, 1896, is 11.280, the largest ag-A mathematician has computed the move-ment of a rider's feet while working a bi-

and has demonstrated that it requires less exertion to travel fifteen miles on a bicycle than to walk three miles. In ancient Egypt the laborer, the soldier and the man of the people went bare-footed, but sandals formed part of the cos-tume of the man of rank. They could not be worn, however, in the house of the king or in his presence.

The Parsees of India have a strange neral custom. They expose their dead to the fowls of the air, on the Towers of Silence, at Bombay. It is their opinion that neither the earth nor the water should be desecrated by contact with a corpse. The remains of the Emperor Napoleon were reinterred with great pomp in the Hotel des Invalides, in Paris, on the 15th of December, 1840, having been brought from St. Helena by the Prince de Joinville by permission of the British government. Among the wilder tribes of the Caucasu every child is taught to use the dagger al-most as soon as it can walk. The children first learn to stab water without making a

have to undergo a rigid veterinary exami-nation both before and after they are slaughtered. Before meat can be removed from the slaughter house it must be officially stamped as "first or second-class

splash, and by incessant practice acquire

The postoffice of Great Britain now employs over 1.300 lady clerks. The largest number of these clerks are, of course, to be found in the London postoffice, where the bulk of them are paid fairly remunera-tive salaries, while what may be regarded as plums fall to the few.

The celebrated rose bush of Hildeheim. Germany, the oldest in the world, is well known to tourists. Charlemagne is said to have planted it more than 1,000 years ago in commemoration of the embassy received from Haroun al Rashid, the Caliph of the Thousand and one Nights.

Adam South, a century ago, gave a very interesting description of the manufacture of pins as then carried on. At that time an uneducated workman could scarcely make a dozen pins in a day, but within the last fifty years the trade has been quite revolutionized by the introduction of machinery. Latin language was the language of court, camp and polite society from the river Tweed, in Scotland, to the Euphrates, in Asia, and from the Crimea or Chersonese, in the Black sea, to the Pillars of He at the western extremity of the Mediter-

Dogs will eat fruit, though rarely. When they do they usually take a fancy to goose-berries. In the annual report on the man-agement of the menagerie of the zoological society the item "onlons" always figures largely in the bill for provender. They are mainly for the African antelopes and

A motor-car scheme is being premoted in Liverpool. It is intended to introduce motor cars capable of drawing three wagons carrying ten tons of produce. The wagons are to be loaded at the ship's side and the ordinary highways are to be utilized with out laying rails or using any other mechan-

At Venice when anyone dies it is the custom to fix a placard on the front of the dead person's house, as well as in the neighboring streets, as a sort of public no tice, stating his name, age, place of birth and the illness from which he died, affirm-ing also that he received the holy sacraments, died a good Christian and requesting the prayers of the faithful. The oldest and most celebrated Roma highway is the Via Appla. It was begun in 312 B. C., and ran from Rome to Brindist, remaining to-day one of the most notable memories of antiquity in or near the Eternal City. Long stretches of the pavement are still perfect and from this it ap-pears that the breadth of the roadway

proper was only fifteen feet. The use of the side saddle for women riders is traced to the time of Anne of Bohemia, eldest daughter of the Emperor of Germany, who married Richard II, of England, Previous to this date all English women bestrode their horses in manly fashion; but, on account of a deformity, this German bride was forced to use a sidesaddle, and the custom became general. The important town of Bruex, in hemia, is beginning to tumble about the ears of its inhabitants owing to the faulty construction of the coal pits beneath it. The railroad station has disappeared into the bowels of the earth, the line itself being transformed into a species of switchback. And curiously enough, while the value of house property in Bruex is declining at a rapid rate, the rents are increasing.

Bad Spelling.

Critic Lounger. To show how distinct is the accomplishment of spelling correctly from that of writing well, I may quote three words from the manuscript of well-known American author-one of the most charming of our writerswhich came under my observation some years since: "Resistence," "mechanicle,"
"gound" (for "gown.") Here are some gems from the manuscript of a very bright bcom reviewer, with whose work I was once familiar: "Smouldering censor of fate," "plus maidens," "augure well," "upstreperous," facinating," "gculish," yeomen," "manuel," "inuendoes," "illuding" (for "eluding," in the sense of "elusive.") There are other writers of my acquaint-ance, not unknown to fame, who show a similar incapacity for rendering unto words the letters that belong to them.

The Descent of Man. Boston Globe. Mrs. Darwin, who has just died, outlived her husband a good many years. Was that the survival of the fittest?

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS. Prelude to "The Earthly Paradise." Of heaven or hell I have no power to sing, I cannot ease the burden of your fears. Or make quick-coming death a little thing Or bring again the pleasures of past years.

Nor for my word shall ye forget your tears,

Or hope again for aught that I can say—

The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth, From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh, And feeling kindly unto all the earth, Grudge every minute as it passes by, Made the more mindful that the sweet days Remember me a little then, I pray, The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weigh us down who live and earn our These idie verses have no power to bear; So let me sing of names remembered. Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead, Or long time take their memory quite away From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time, Why should I strive to set the crooked straight? Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme Beats with light wing against the ivory gate, Telling a tale not too importunate To those who in the sleepy region stay. Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did That through one window men beheld the spring And through another saw the summer glow, And through a third the fruited vines arow, While still unheard, but in its wonted way, Piped the drear wind of that December day. So with this Earthly Paradise it is,

Folks say a wizard to a northern king

If ye will read aright, and pardon me, Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss Midmost the beating of the steely sea. Where tossed about all hearts of men must Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay, Not the poor singer of an empty day. -William Morris.

The Quiet Port. There lies a quiet port across the sea. Where the proud sail is furled. Where the bright banner flares and flaunts That once waved round the world.

There the brave ships that steered for oth

shores, That fought the bitter blast, And dared the unknown straits, the frost-hung Find harborage at last. And those white barques that sought the isles of

dream, The lands of love's report, They too, though steering gladly other where, Have found the quiet port. There the dark night comes down around them The weary captains rest.

The homesick voyager bows down his head, The sage forgets his quest. But yet, ah, even while we fall on sleep, We are content to wait; Comrades, the land of our desire is near, This port is but its gate.

-Elizabeth G. Roberts, in Harper. Cheeriness. Let us stop the worry, dear, Things are coming right, Sing your heart a song of cheer,

Give your eyes the light. Luck is with the bold of heart. God with those that smile; We but need to do our part Yet a little while.

Fortune, but to hide her frown When she sees your eye Dimmed with tears and dropping down, Lightly passes by.

Meet her look with ne'er a fear, Soon her eyes will light. Let us stop the worry, dear, Things are coming right.

-Lewis W. Smith, in Independent. Books. Nothing that man has wrought is worth his

Immortal relics of his living needs, lowing in freedom like unhampered brooks. Serried like soldiers in their tranquil nooks They seem dust-bound in death; yet whose heeds The life within them, life that burns and bleeds Will learn how Time, the thief and maker, looks For man has written all himself in these,
His dreams, his hopes, his loves, his cruel hates;
Here are the wine of passion and the lees,
Here are the perished glories of his states;
And here, a weary pilgrim on his knees.
He prays before the Future's golden gates.

-George Edgar Montgomery, in Collier's Weekly. What shall I call her when we meet? She knew no other name on earth

Than that which mothers find so sweet; Though words be cold and little worth, "Our baby" seemed a name complete. Since from my tearful gaze she passed How shall I, in the great unknown, Where all is new and strange and vast-How shall I there reclaim my own?

What sweet, rare title does she bear? For when I meet her on that shore, Grown wise and great as she is fair, "My baby." I can say no more, For I shall be the intant there. Illness. There is no dearer lover of lost hours Than I.

I can be idler than the idlest flowers;
More idly lie Than noonday lilles languidly affoat And water pillowed in a windless moat.

And I can be Stiller than some gray stone
That hath no motion known.
It seems to me
That my still idleness doth make my own
All magic gifts of joy's simplicity.

-S. Weir Mitchell.

To the Fall Wind. That I might borrow your voice, Fall Wind, To speak for speechless tears, Of the weariful years!

That you might lend me your voice, Fall Wind, To tell of the sorrow of human kind; Fall Wind, your voice, to grieve For the hopes that deceive, -John Vance Cheney,

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Little Amzi-Why do you always put the big apples at the top, Uncle Ezra?

Ezra-Because there is always room at the top.

Detroit Free Press "What do you think of my tragedy?" asked the self-satisfied playwright.
"It's great. Never laughed harder at anything in my life."

A Lingering Regret.

Helen-Are you sure God will forgive me for slapping sister if I ask Him, mamma?" Mamma-Certainly, dear. Helen (reflectively)-Then I wish I had slapped her harder.

Social Nuisances. New York Weekly. Brownson - Pleasant time at the party last night? Smithson - No: inexpressibly dreary. There was a young man there who tried to be funny.

A Youthful Supposition. Little Willie (to lady who has taken quite

an interest in him)—Are you a Populist?
Lady—Why, no; of course not.
Little Willie (who sees the comic papers) 'Cause you've got whiskers on your chin. On the Old Man.

Old Gotrox (savagely)—So you want to marry my daughter, do you? Do you think two can live as cheaply as one?

"The classes in grammar and rithmetic, answered the shock-headed boy with the bad eye.

Young Softly (slightly embarrassed)-I-I hardly think you will notice any differ ence, sir. Two Reasons. Isaacheimer - Resenstein's assignee told me he vill go oud of peezness.

Cohenstein-He's got lots of money, ain'dt

Isaacheimer-Yes, undt he can't get no

Powerful Preachers.

Roston Transcript.

New York Weekly.

New York Weekly.

Mrs. Pew-What a blessing it is to hear Mr. Oily preach.

Mrs. Stole—He's perfectly splendid. No wonder he's popular. Why, he preaches so beautifully that the wickeder one is the better, Mr. Oily makes one feel. An Insult.

Eastern Man-I do business in New York, but I live in the suburbs. Do you live in the suburbs, too? Chicago Man—The suburbs of Chicago? Great snakes! Do you take me for a frontiersman?

The Lion and the Fox.

First Boy—I kin lick you. Second Boy—Jes' you try it. "Huh! What'll you do? "I look like you, an' the furst time I learning their hear your dad callin' you when you ain't letter had go around an' I am. I'll wiggle my fingers at calling them.



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him an' sass him; an' then you'll catch it when you git home, an' if you say you didn't do it, he'll lick you harder for ly-

The Medium-What spirit shall I call up? McKinley Enthusiast-Bryan.

Considered Dead.

Chicago Tribune. "The phrase, 'working classes,' occurs in this sentence," said the teacher. "What do you understand by the working classes?" "The classes in grammar and 'rithmetic,

Enlightenment. Detroit Tribune.

"He is a lantern-jawed agitator."
"Well, you can't deny that his remarks threw light upon the subject."
In the scope of language there was now and then to be detected the handiwork of a fate that guides to ends of which mankind wots not.

How a Letter May Be Recalled. Boston Transcript. The public is not as familiar with its

The public is not as familiar with its privileges about postal matters as might be supposed. Many times people would like to recall a letter after it has been mailed. This can be done, even if the letter has reached the postoffice of its destination. At every postoffice there are what are called "withdrawal blanks." On application they will be furnished, and when a deposit is made to cover the expense, the posit is made to cover the expense, the postmaster will telegraph to the postmaster at the letter's destination, asking that it be promptly returned. The applicant first signs this agreement: "It is hereby agreed that if the letter is returned to me I will protect you from any and all claims made against you for such return, and will fully indemnify you for any loss you may sustain by reason of such action. And I herewith deposit \$-- to cover all expense incurred, and will deliver to you the envelope of the letter returned." In many cases persons have made remittances to fraudu-lent parties or irresponsible firms, not learning their true character until after the letter had gone, and have succeeded in re-

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